

Contagious by **TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)**

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Summary:

El gets the chickenpox

Contagious

Mike never thought he'd be *praying* to have contracted a serious sickness, but here he was.

It just *wasn't fair*. Will had gotten it back in preschool, and ended up infecting Jonathan and Joyce in the process. Dustin had gotten it in 3rd grade, before they even met him. Lucas had gotten it back in sixth grade, and Mike didn't see his friend for two weeks. All of the boys had gotten chicken pox except Mike, and now that El was home, sick and contagious with chicken pox, he was the only person not allowed to visit her.

Mike hated it. Every single day his friends all went over to the Byers house after school to see El and to tell her all about their days, while Mike was stuck heading home on his own, playing with Roary in his basement. It wasn't that he was lonely-- though he was starting to feel like *he* was the one on quarantine-- he was just frustrated. Why should all his friends get to see El when he couldn't?

Yet Karen remained adamant about her decision: Mike was not to go over to the Byers house under any circumstances. She had chickenpox as a child, and there was no way she was about to let her son get it just because he couldn't be separated from his girlfriend for a week.

Mike tried to please, beg, bargain, anything to try and convince Karen to let him go talk to her for *just ten minutes*. He swore there was *no way* he'd get sick, but she wouldn't budge. So Mike huffed and stormed off to his room, ready for another evening alone playing with his action figures.

He called Eleven every chance he got, if he couldn't see her, at least he could talk to her. He told her everything that happened to him at school, even down to the most boring little detail. Mike knew El hated being cooped up in her house, and any news from the outside world was welcomed. He asked her roughly a hundred times if she was okay, if she was feeling any better, and when he'd be able to see her. He even went to the nurse at school to ask her if there was any way to make chickenpox go away faster.

El enjoyed hearing his voice, and while she did find it cute how antsy he was getting without her, she missed him too. She missed watching his eyes light up as he rambled on and on about his day, she missed the way his smile always seemed to brighten up the room, and she missed *seeing him* every day.

Mike and El were never people who dealt well with separation. Since Eleven had disappeared for a year, both of them hated having to be apart for any longer than a day or so. Their friends always teased them about this, how they were so joined at the hip they didn't know how to be away from one another, but the truth was they knew all too well how to be apart, and they hated it more than anything.

By the time El had been sick for a week, Mike had had enough. It was 7 days. 168 hours. 10,080 minutes. 604,800 seconds. He thought he might scream if he had to go another day without seeing her.

So, using the tricks he'd learned from watching Nancy over the years, Mike managed to sneak out of his house after dinner, quickly biking over to see El.

Hearing a few knocks on her window, El's curiosity sparked as she walked over to investigate the noise. When she saw her moppy-haired boyfriend, sporting a grin and watching her expectantly, she wanted to be angry, but couldn't help but let out a smile upon seeing him.

"What are you doing here?" She tried to lecture him, holding back a smirk as she opened up the window.

Mike started to climb through. He was lucky he was tall, or else he'd have had a lot of trouble boosting himself up, "I can't stay away from you. Can I come in?"

El looked behind her. Joyce was probably asleep, Will was sleeping over at Lucas's house, and Jonathan was too busy listening to music to hear anything. There wasn't anybody about to catch Mike sneaking in. She pursed her lips, "Fine, but you could get sick, mouthbreather."

"Won't stop me." Mike finished hoisting himself through the window.

"I'm not kissing you then."

"Deal."

Once in her room, Mike took a good look at Eleven. Even covered in bumps and scabs, he still thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

"I missed you," He admitted, "I was going a little out of my mind without seeing you."

"I know," El responded, "I missed you too, a lot. It's not the same without you here."

Mike dropped his backpack off and onto her bed, spilling the contents everywhere, "So I brought some stuff for you. I have the new X-Men comics that I figured we could read together, oh and I rented some movies for us-

"Mike."

"-and I had so much free time I made this mixtape for you to listen to and-

"Mike."

"-I figured we could sneak out and go off to the park or somewhere, you can get out of the house-

"Mike!" El snapped out his name, startling him into silence. He looked up at her with wide eyes, wondering what he did wrong.

She looked down upon seeing his guilty expression, "I'm sorry, but it's late, Mike. I'm sick and tired and I had no idea you were coming over. I'm happy you're here, but I really just want to rest."

"Oh, yeah, you're right," Mike's smile faded, and he started picking up the contents of his backpack and putting them away, "You should sleep so you'll feel better. I'll just go, I'm sorry."

"Mike don't."

He looked up at her confused, wondering what he should do, "I don't want you to leave, I missed you. Can you just lay down with me?"

Swallowing a gulp, Mike nodded. He hesitantly sat down on the bed, and El stretched out on the other side, pulling a blanket over her and Mike. Slowly, he turned to face her, scooting closer towards her. He felt a blush overtake his face as he threw an arm around her, but El didn't say anything. She just closed her eyes, and buried herself into Mike's chest, already drifting off to sleep by the time Mike got his heart to stomp pumping so fast. El's face was right on his chest, he figured she must have heard his heart beating so erratically, but Mike just buried his face in her pillow, and ran his free hand through her hair.

Soon enough, they had both drifted off to sleep. Mike woke up early the next morning, sneaking back out so he could get home before his parents noticed he was missing.

And three days later, when a familiar-looking rash started to show up all over Mike's body, Karen was only *slightly pissed-off* as she put together what had happened.

But Mike didn't care, because when he was sick in bed with the chickenpox, El came to visit him every day.